

Holding up the Building

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | August 6, 2002



By Rytic

Jenny was having the time of her life on her Egyptian vacation. She had spent much of her day enjoying the mummy wing of a local museum, and when she left for dinner, she noticed they seemed to be building an expansion onto the museum. She stopped and asked what was going to be in the new wing. The worker, who didn't seem to speak English, led her to a tent near the site. Inside an Egyptian man with glasses was examining some plans for the building.

"Can I help you miss?" he asked.

"Yes, I was just curious what is going to be in the new section of the museum," answered Jenny.

"Oh, it's going to be a display of ancient Egyptian construction methods. We're incorporating many old traditions into the building of the wing. Would you like a closer look at the work in progress?" stated the man.

"Sure," said Jenny, interested in seeing some of the old construction techniques. In her mind she imagined herself being sealed away in a tomb as a mummy, she had always been interested in mummification. The man led her outside to the edge of the

pit, where it appeared the workers had just finished pouring most of the foundation. Jenny noticed a large gap at one of the corners.

“What’s that gap for?” she asked.

“Come with me and I’ll show you,” said the man, leading her to another tent. Inside Jenny was confused, the contents of the tent didn’t belong at a construction site. There were various containers of liquid, some medical equipment, and an adjustable metal table with restraints in the center of the tent. She was about to ask what was going on, when she felt a sharp prick in her neck, and she fell limp. Jenny found she was still aware, but unable to move or speak. A man in a doctor’s coat who had been hiding near the entrance with the needle helped carry her over to the table and strap her down. Together the man and the doctor cut away all of Jenny’s clothes and threw them into the trash. Jenny was a little humiliated at being helpless and naked in front of two strange men, but also a little turned on. She had always had an interest in bondage.

“I’ll leave her in your capable hands doctor,” said the original man as he left.

“Hello miss,” said the doctor to Jenny. “Let me explain to you what you’ve volunteered for. Some ancient Egyptians believed that a building had to have slaves imprisoned at all 4 corners of the foundation, in order to hold up the building. Well, since we’re trying to be as realistic as possible with our new wing, we need those 4 slaves. The other three have already been placed, but we were waiting for an attractive woman such as yourself for the final position, because it will be visible to the museum patrons. Don’t worry, we won’t kill you, we’re not murderers, besides, dead slaves can’t hold up a building. We’re just going to modify you for your placement for the betterment of our patrons’ experience and your comfort. Let’s begin, shall we?”

With that, the doctor hooked an IV into Jenny’s arm. Through it nutrients as well as more paralytic chemicals seeped into Jenny’s metabolism.

“Your days of eating and drinking are over, everything you need will be supplied through IV, so I’m going to start by cleaning you out,” said the doctor. Jenny could feel him push a large enema nozzle deep into her ass, and soon warm liquid flowed

into her. As she was filling up, the doctor took a large long hypodermic needle filled with clear fluid and showed it to her, then plunged it into the side of her abdomen. Jenny was in incredible pain as the thick clear liquid was injected into her, then the doctor repeated the procedure with another needle on the other side of her abdomen.

“I’ve just filled up your ovaries with a special resin. Basically you’re now sterilized, and your ovaries are solid objects. It’s a lot easier and less invasive than surgery, and now we won’t have to deal with your menstrual cycles once you’re in place,” explained the doctor. He turned off the flow of water, and shoved a large plug up Jenny’s ass to stop any water from coming out yet. Jenny felt as if the butt plug was tearing her in two, and tried to expel the invader but still had no muscle control.

Jenny began to cramp up as the water sought out every nook and cranny inside her. She was in incredible pain from the enema and the resin slowly solidifying in her ovaries. She wanted to scream but all that came out was a barely audible moan. The doctor pried open her mouth and inserted another tube, which began pumping water into her stomach. Then he hooked a tube up to the plug in her ass, and started pumping the waste water out down there. Jenny experienced the strange sensation of water flowing in one end and out the other. The doctor left, to be replaced by a lovely young Egyptian girl. The girl had a razor and meticulously went over every inch of Jenny’s body, removing every trace of hair, including her head and eyebrows. This careful shaving took several hours, during which water continued to flow through Jenny.

“Now I know what a pipe feels like,” thought Jenny. When the girl was satisfied that no strand of hair remained on Jenny’s body, she began to use a small electrolysis device to permanently kill all the hair follicles. Jenny wondered how the girl could look so happy doing this, then she thought maybe the girl was glad it wasn’t her being prepped for display!

Jenny spent the entire day and night like that, with the unpleasant feeling of the water flowing through her and the tiny painful shocks of the electrolysis. Eventually the pain in her ovaries subsided to a dull ache. Tears welled in her eyes when the assistant slowly rendered her head permanently bald. Jenny thought she would go

mad from the pain when the hair follicles around her vagina and ass were killed. Each touch of the electrolysis wand was a painful reminder of how much they were changing her forever. The next morning, the doctor returned to find a totally hairless Jenny with clear water coming out of her bowels. He disconnected the tube in her throat and pulled it out, but kept the nether pump going until the flow stopped. Then the tube down there was disconnected as well, but the plug remained.

“Okay Jenny, now we’re going to seal almost all your orifices up, since you aren’t going to be needing any of them ever again. We’re also going to make a couple other changes for your own good. Unfortunately, none of what we do today is reversible, so you can give up on any hope of a normal life even if you’re rescued. After today, you really will belong in a museum,” said the doctor. Jenny wanted to cry or scream but could only whimper as tears welled up in her eyes.

The doctor opened Jenny’s mouth again. “First we have to stop those whimpers you keep making.” He reached in with a scalpel and carefully severed Jenny’s vocal chords, rendering her forever mute. He then carefully fed a tube through one of Jenny’s nostrils and down into her lungs, so she would be able to receive plenty of air. A little medical adhesive ensured the tube would not slip while Jenny was being manipulated. He hooked up the tube to a machine which started pumping air in and out of her lungs, doing her breathing for her, soon she would be unable to breathe without its help as her muscles atrophied. Another large tube was placed in Jenny’s throat and a clear resin began to fill up her stomach. To Jenny it felt like a thick gel was being forced into her, she could feel it seeking out every crevice inside her. As Jenny filled with resin, the doctor turned his attention to her vagina. The doctor felt around her genitals until he found her clit, then gently stimulated it until it stood out from the hood. At some level, Jenny actually was turned on by all the things being done to her, and began to enjoy the doctor’s ministrations.

“Slaves should worry about holding up buildings, not their sexual urges,” he said, as he took his scalpel and deftly severed Jenny’s clitoris. Jenny’s mind exploded in pain as her clit was callously removed from her body, and she passed out.

When Jenny came to, the tube in her throat was gone. She could feel the resin inside her, slowly solidifying to rock hardness all throughout her digestive tract. She could

feel it gluing itself to and through the butt plug, making that a permanent part of her as well. Jenny felt the doctor place another tube into her vagina, and fill up her pussy with the resin as well. She got more and more uncomfortable as her vagina was filled from the inside out. He also implanted a catheter into her bladder, where all the wastes she would produce from now on would be removed. After her vagina was full, the doctor took some surgical stitching, soaked it in medical adhesive, and carefully stitched her inner labial lips shut. She couldn't believe the agony as the doctor slowly passed the needle back and forth through each side of her vagina. Eventually Jenny blacked out again from the pain as her vagina was slowly and thoroughly sewn up. While she was out, the doctor carefully smoothed more resin in and around her outer vaginal lips, gluing them shut and leaving a barely apparent crease where Jenny's vagina was. The museum patrons would appreciate not having to see obvious genitalia on the exhibit. Now Jenny appeared neutered, which was not too far from the truth. Her sexual organs had effectively been destroyed. She would forever feel penetrated by the invasive resin, but never feel sexual pleasure again.

Jenny woke to feel the doctor beginning to pull her teeth out one by one. "We won't be able to keep up your dental hygiene, so it's better to remove the teeth now than risk putting you through untreatable cavities and such later," he explained. The pliers reached in, gently grabbed a tooth, and roughly jerked it free from the gums. This happened over and over again. The doctor slowly and carefully extracted every tooth, leaving Jenny's mouth a bloody gaping maw. Jenny couldn't believe the pain, which only got worse when the doctor removed her tongue too. He reached in with his scalpel, and efficiently cut away her tongue at the base, leaving not a shred of muscle left for Jenny to twitch.

"We're going to fill your mouth with resin, and it tastes terrible," he added, "Besides, you need to focus on your duty holding up the building, not try to move parts of your body. We're removing that temptation." He carefully stitched Jenny's gums shut, knowing that the torn gums would then heal her upper and lower jaws together. He then filled the rest of her mouth up with the solidifying resin. Her lips were glued shut in a small smile. Poor Jenny considered what a freak she now was, ass and vagina permanently sealed, sterilized, hairless, and no teeth, tongue, or vocal chords. The doctor was not finished, however.

He next turned his attention to Jenny's breasts. He wanted to change their size and appearance but could not afford to leave any surgical scars, so he elected to inject them with some resin to fill them out a bit, much to Jenny's inner distress. Each needle felt like a red hot poker as it pierced her sensitive breasts, and each injection of resin felt like a trail of flame that wouldn't go away. The doctor felt Jenny's breasts after the procedure; they were nearly perfect in size and shape, but now rock hard. To Jenny, the doctor's touch on her abused breasts was another exercise in agony, as he spared no pressure pinching and squeezing, making sure they would hold their new shape. Now Jenny was almost ready. The assistant came in and helped stand Jenny up, while the doctor took out a paintbrush and some cans of a special substance. He dipped the brush into a can and it came out covered with what looked something like a wood stain. He began to liberally paint the substance across Jenny, starting with the top of her baldhead and working his way down. Being painted was actually kind of pleasant after all the horrible things Jenny had just gone through. The substance stained Jenny's pale white skin a brownish color, appropriate for an ancient Egyptian. It was also somewhat stiff, and would hold her in place once it dried, but a determined effort could break its hold. So Jenny would remain paralyzed until she was fully in place. She was posed with her legs slightly apart, her arms and hands up as if she was pushing against a wall, and left to dry. After her coating hardened, Jenny was given a wig done in an Egyptian slave hairstyle, and she was made up to look like an Egyptian slave from ancient times. The wig and some eyebrows were glued in place with some more medical adhesive. Now anyone looking at Jenny would think she looked the perfect ancient Egyptian slave girl, except you'd have to look carefully to see her vagina.

Jenny was carried out into the construction site, and placed at the unfinished corner of the building. There was a special mold there waiting for her. It was about three quarters of a cylinder, with a special hole cut into it so the half her body would stick out perfectly, the other half sealed away inside. She was placed inside, one wall of the mold running tightly along her smooth groin, up her stomach, between her breasts, and up the center of her face. The wall then bent at a right angle, running down the right side of her body exactly the same way. The workers spread sealant along the gaps in the mold to seal them, and the doctor hooked up Jenny's air, waste, and IV tubes to easily accessible panels inside the building. The doctor's last

act was to place a couple drops of superglue at the corners of Jenny's eyes to keep them open.

After the doctor left, the workers began filling the pit up with a thick gritty substance. Jenny longed to look at what she was being buried in, but could only stand motionless and feel as the level rose higher and higher up her leg, covered up the left side of her crotch, and then covered her left breast. Finally Jenny caught a glimpse of a resin/sand mixture, apparently the ancient Egyptians didn't build with concrete. The sandy gritty mix stung her eye as it covered her completely. Now she was trapped in a partial sand pillar, just the front half of the right side of her body sticking out. All her tubes were concealed inside the block of solid sand. Jenny reflected that she could have done without the painful modifications to the left side of her body if no one was ever going to see it. The workers left her like that for several days while the pillar cured. Jenny couldn't believe the boredom, there was just enough going on to keep her from zoning out, but not enough to be interesting. She had played at being buried alive before, but this was far worse, because she could still see and hear everything going on around her, but not take part. She just stood there, one arm raised in the air, feeling the leering eyes of the workers as they appreciated her nakedness. She ached in all the places she had been altered; her mouth, vagina, and breasts were especially sore. The pain settled into a dull itching as they healed. She longed for relief from the pain and itching, but couldn't even twitch a single muscle. She hoped for rescue, but even if she was rescued, all that had been done to her couldn't be undone. She would spend the rest of her life as a freak.

After the pillar cured, the workers removed the first mold revealing a nice sand pillar with a girl sticking out one end. The pillar nicely concealed all the tubes that were evidence of a living prisoner. Then they set up another mold, for the remaining segment of the pillar. This they filled with clear plastic resin, so the museum patrons would be able to see the unfortunate slave trapped holding up the building. While the plastic resin slowly cured around her, Jenny reflected that she didn't even know what she now looked like. After the plastic hardened, there was no more need for the paralyzing drugs, so they were discontinued. Jenny tried to struggle against her solid prison but to no avail, she was sealed up forever. Jenny found she could still see through the clear plastic, and was still quite aware several months later when

the new wing opened, and museum visitors would come and gawk at her display, unaware that the girl in the plastic was real. They just saw an unfortunate slave girl half buried in sand, pushing against the corner of the building, holding it up.

Inside, Jenny wondered how long it would take before she finally succumbed to insanity.

The End